

Cross Light

**BLESS YOUR BUBBLE in West End:
Thick skin or other advantage?**



**A BREAK from politics?
Fun with non-existent terms**

**Scaredy Snakes with good Manners,
Amaringo, X in O and a Real Rock Show**

A clean slate

POSSIBLE ORGANISATIONS

Boganonymous; we are bogan, we are legion. We do not forgive, we do not forget (except some stuff after the weekend). Expect us. See you on the highway to hell.

Pro-non-fascist; everything but goes

Anti-corp-fa; end the corporate domination by disruptinh one CEO and middle manager at a time

Anti-neolib; smash neoliberalism one irregular work roster at a time

Anti-gov; make the govment small by, finding the govment and stopping them doing government stuff like shoot a computer

Christian State (CS) or Christian State Islamic Liberation (CSIL), an organisation that wishes to establish a state based on the exact words of Jesus Christ; sell your possessions and give to the poor, it is easier for a camel to enter an eye of a needle than a rich person to enter the kingdom of God, give to Ceaser what is Ceaser's and God what is God's, do not worry about what you will wear or eat for God clothes even the sparrows, let the dead bury their own dead, and other specially picked excerpts from the bible. No bosses, no idols. No pastors, no masters. Give generously, or agents of Satan take it all.

Church of Emo Martyrdom; a canonised archive of those who did not give many shits about engaging the structured adult world but gave so shits about everybody's feelings within it that they died for their helpless, but somehow undefeatable population. May overlap with Catholicism, Buddhist pacifists, kind goths, elite athletes with depressive tendencies and laid back school teachers who are really just sad.

Annihilate Culture; their job is to parody, appropriate, shapeshift mercilessly to dilute and misrepresent trash culture. For example, host a fight night where each contestant is randomly designated to each side of teams dressed up as the two sides of the Charlottesville conflict. Jelly wrestling, bouncy castle boxing rings, stuff like that.

Arbitrarians; have a uniform. It does not mean anything, except for the natural behavior that emerges when outsiders who look alike gather in public. Ha ha, you're wearing the big purple dot on the left of your forehead too, with 10 year old kmart sneakers! Coool! Let's make up a dance to go with it. Do you wanna be an arbitrarian too? All you have to do, is get the dot, have some bread and butter with us in the park. Prioritise our events.

Band Union; A union for bands. A big parade by the bands themselves to show how many there are, and how they want the kinds of things bands want.

International Children's Union: Co-ordinated pestering, runaways, and public tantrums to end everything their young eyes see as unjust. We Do Not Forget, and We Will Grow Big. Poke and stick tattoos, too.

Alt-mid: What is this? The alternative political centre? You tell me.

Neo-social-democrat: A pragmatic centre-left person who... I dunno.

Alt-conservative-left: The best old stuff and the best new stuff for everybody, egged on by your cute grandparents in your unsupervised, expansive backyard BBQ. You're the kids, neither rebels nor repressed on a leash. Queer, married in a Church, employed, loafing around fishing, ah who cares, just no big corporate capitalist creeps, tall poppies, big corporate leftist control mongers, bratty resource wasting, gratuitous reckless self-indulgence. Nobody's just a statistic in your laid-back community.

Post-Christian: What post-hardcore is to hardcore, post-Christian is to Christianity..?

Flag fuckers; Cum on every flag. Are you a flag fucker or an alt-left-con? Flag fuckers are pretty innocuous characters filling the gap in the market for Aus music, that is Australian in some obvious way. Can also be foreign, compare Korpiklaani's folk metal anthem *Beer Beer* and Dune Rat's *Six Pack* teenage brat anthem (Triple M in the car). Iron Maiden's Union Jack, Springsteen maybe,

bunch of flag fuckers. Most politicians, too, when things seem stable. Ah, Dune Rats are a stretch. Maybe the band Kingswood? And Smith Street Band? Sticky Finger's *Australia Street*? Triple J? Yeah, Triple J. Hey, the top comment for Dune Rat's *Bullshit* is "this is so fucking Australian" and the second one, "fark this gave me a massive stiffy". Ah I dunno, Flag Fuckers, ambiguous concept. Question: can they hold off scary patriots?

PISSED JEANS PART 1

Nother Piss band but pissed themselves in good sense looking over the hills, and down at their own distractions having to be ran away from with gritted teeth. Smart, terse, competently angry guitar music. Odd that I'm listening to a new angry, shouty guitar band sounding like Mayyors or Fidler— Pissed Jeans are really made relevant through the lyrical insight and on-point videos. It's the mind of a young American male who is convincingly struggling with the irksome parts of that identity, and not because he *has* to — but because he knows feelings can be wrong. *His* feelings, *his* interests.. Art needs some emotional tension, if you're carrying along the vein of Sub Pop post-Nirvana. And ah what else did Sub Pop put out? Picked up a 7" inch by Condominium that's semi-recent solely for the lyrics (approved by Nic Warnock, may I add). Their hardcore idealism is missing in Pissed Jeans, though, but they criticise the same standard modern American banalities. Gritty or retarded vocals with a bit of sarcasm, and psychological portraits never articulated in music before. You get these little tidbits, phrases, scenes showing some repressed oppressive detail of your life...

Alright, think I'll elaborate next edition, itching to release this other stuff.

AN ODE TO JAPAN? WEST END

Bearded Lady, 17/08/2017

Scaredy Snake (Heidi Ack) performed one of the most affecting, semi-improvised, semi-karaoke mixes of sweet pop and righteous, poised but whimsical assertiveness that characterised Bent. Knelt on a persian rug, little keyboard, phone to amp, guitar and mic stand ready. Pocari sweat

cohering with the fitted satin, embroidered top (which I suppose is Japanese, given she'd just lived there) and light pink, baggy track pants like my Mum used to wear, with the ankle cuffs and all. There's a history to this aesthetic, and her solo music, that gives it a kind of storybook feeling, like the little pile of elaborately pencil-illustrated classics you might've had as a kid. Revisited, many bedtimes, with the occasional tea stain or little tear or scribble, well before anime torrents and cosplay geeks. Fairy wand and a DIY bow and arrow. Now, adult thought, and loyalty to that self-confident, childlike dignity. Personal words, but the old tension of Bent seems to have settled. The personality and aesthetic remains, in art and sounding like Heidi, but is very much cushioned by a conventional singing voice and the clean bedroom feel. Sterile machines can never replicate Bent, and that is OK; a shiny lone ribbon is as nice as a twirly triple-braided one. Can Be Happy is probably the most cushioned, and I could say, mainstream pop kind of sound (ohh, just realised there must be a Sky Ferreira influence), but is a stand-out, and you know Brisbane music people, it is OK to write a cosy, happy song every once in a while — it is not actually easy to do, it seems. It is also kind of a love song, and manages to be level-headed in tasteful story-telling. On top of that, there was an electrified cover of Twenty-Four by Kitchen's Floor, pre-recorded keyboard, electro-beat and live guitar giving it almost an 80s glittery stadium feel. Song's still about the humble backyard, though. Nice work Heidi, good to see you back.

Scaredy Snake segued on to Manners, fronted by Tristan Murray of Cannon, the latter which sounds like Brisbane's Jay Reatard but a party of about 5, then add a trail of family members (the Murray's mum Karen front row), and partners and eventually a bigger party. Tristan's new little band, Brendon last-name-undisclosed-on-FB and Bruce Nairn is a cross between bedroom dreaming and New Romantic pop largesse. Synth starts and I think it could be a cover of Kavinsky or some 80s pop song but then, the plastic warps, tinsel's an afterthought. Tristan sings some heartbreak kind of lyrics, it's still dance-able, and, his deft guitar fingers weave something genre-evading as they stand stationary, Tristan's face and figure illuminated. For some reason in

my mind, I picture this not in the Bearded Lady, but as some room off to the side, that is a plain black, old hall instead of a coloured, graffiti and sticker covered, squarish room. I see the dense crowd, a higher stage and maybe a basic coloured lighting rig. They don't have coloured lights like a 20th century nightclub, do they? All the while, Tristan looks like a rock star still, but gentler, home-bleached hair, a white coat that may have been a lab coat giving off an anime, modern kind of impression (fitting with Scaredy Snake's presence), but not a rigid Gary Numan impression, because there's always some humbly flamboyant composition of found, inherited and who-knows-where old belts, rings, hair ties, patterned shirts, mesh, and/or humble canvas shoes, facial expressions, non-contrived, Brendon and Bruce on each side in respectably generic clothes, and maybe a fan blowing his illuminated hair like cirrus clouds on an anime wallpaper. First show, I think. Very promising. Exceptional crowd applause, too, for both new acts.

AN ATTEMPTED SUBVERSION

Bearded Lady again, 18/08/2017

This time, opening act was Schenau, who has been often miming to back-up tracks, as this zine attests. Came to see him and Amaringo who is pleasant & pure to listen to, though not weird/underdog seeming enough for usual tastes. Glen, this time, was sans his back up band of camo and/or indoor-shades clad posers musicians. Was a shame because, as much as Glen performed still, the audience felt the need to fill a gap on & off stage as apparently it was an open-source, participatory format with the author spreading mods to his elaborate sauce code around an off-peak-hour forum. Well I dunno exactly where this metaphor should go, but, Glen's songs sounded like sober, energetic bedroom listening, songs that should open for At The Drive-In. I felt that this set was a cosy grey area between private and public, a blurred line fitting with today's, ah, tame, ah, lack of privacy but, lack of public definition/belonging. That, it might be a statement about how this cosy little venue is so *domestic*, so I touched a leaf on the pot plant next to Glen's laptop (which I had a look at, like it was an art piece). It wasn't oregano like I had hoped, or else I'd have eaten a twig of

it. Very far from my mind was making a mockery of Glen himself, though. I just couldn't constantly move to it with a thin crowd, at the front left side of the stage, progressively drunk and thinking. Did at first, and I could see a few others kept moving to it a bit. Pretty brave of Glen, out of sync in a slick kind of way, but, as much movement as if he was actually playing a show almost as much energy as Mitch Perkins from Clever. What does it mean, you know? Sounds good. Looks good. Don't need proof he can actually play it live. So I dunno.

A guy with a beard and plain dark blue shirt started dancing in the middle of the floor, I smiled. Thought of offering to be a back up 'band'. Or banging that snare on the side there. Lucky I didn't. Anyhow, this guy, I thought he was some insecure quasi-hipster perhaps, had a few too many beers and decided to do something quirky. I don't like being a snob. Hey, so what if he looks like a dork, he's livening things up a bit. Ah but next, oh he didn't just keep dancing, or slink back to the bar, he later obtrudes in my line of vision a metre from the stage and I can see it's actually an arrogantly detached, *I got a 'tude* kind of dancing. Less, 'ah he doesn't quite get it but let him have his fun', more like he's saying, "WHY AREN'T YOU PAYING ATTENTION TO ME". He gets up on stage and does an air guitar. A bit too close to Glen, and now one of his friends gestured right at the front like, "YES, YES OMG, BRO, YOU ARE THE FUNNIEST". Still smiling, because, air guitar's close to what Glen usually has on stage, and, could still *charitably* be interpreted as innocent fun. The truth hit when he stole the mic with a swift violation of personal space, and said "*SUCK MY PUSSY*". It dawned that these were bro's, jocks, high school bullies, American stereotypes. I took a few steps forward, seeing what he'd do next. Allie Wu Lin of Amaringo deftly walked up and said "Not okay". Glen finished his set, and with the applause, gestured with his palm upwards towards the Bro – as if saying, *ladies and gentleman, our guest performer*. The bro, however, was more uncomfortable than Glen had seemed throughout his provocations, sticking around to complain like, SUPPOSED TO BE REAL BANDS and be confronted by the manager. I DONT CARE WUT KIND OF ART I JUST DONT GET IT. Noticed the thongs, polo shirt and his stocky-

build, crew cut mate with the exactly backwards baseball cap. These people exist? Not just as a frat boy called Chad? I listened in on the fringes of their little crowd where the manager, a tall, thin guy with excellent posture, glittery makeup and a sort of black sailors hat, squared up to them, backed up by a skinny little guy who called them dickheads. The undercurrent of cultural aggression sunk in when hat bro tenderly touched the manager's arm, while he was arguing with beard bro. *"It doesn't matter who is on stage, you don't have the right to grab someone's mic. We all get along in here."* The manager went back to tend the bar while they stood around saying, "Looks like we *offended* a few people."

Tried to mediate with the beard bro after, maybe nudged a couple of neurons together by telling him Glen usually actually had a fake back up band, that I was kind of hoping someone'd go on stage and that it's *all* a pisstake. A chain of pisstakes, that he is part of. And that I love Glen's stuff. Dunno. *"Nice polo shirt, like your thongs bro, did you have arm bands, do you not understand art? You're a bunch of dickheads."* Them: *"Looks like we offended a few people haa."* Obvious who left more of a sorehead, refunded \$10 aside.

Also Amaringo: a welcome relief, impossible to mock. Allie Wu Lin perfectly, calmly drumming and singing cleanly at the same time. Somebody in front of me towards the back prattling about the days of the week she can get wasted, with the times she works. Nathan Kearney's replacement as guitarist, competent and bit more forceful (though we joked about chanting "We want Nathan!"). Nice music, normal young crowd I guess, inoffensive, if a bit frivolous. The music is important in its own way though, I'm sure, by being pure of the worst Anglo-Australian mediocrity, and challenging it by default of it's format (spotlight on female, non-white drummer) and indisputable talent. A butterfly lands on a politician. Or, someone cultivates the dignity allowing that iconic photo of the black woman (a nurse) standing up to riot cops in a flowing dress to exist, to stand out.

Note: Wait, what if those guys were a set up, pre-arranged by Glen? You never know.

Want to say that, not all guys dressed like them who like sport and the gym should be treated with suspicion. Lots of them would save your cats from burning buildings.

X in O, EGGVEIN, FORTITUDE VALLEY

4zzz Carpark, 13/08/2017

The last weekend I think, I was too busy recovering after the tallies, free vodka drinks, and beers on the afternoon beginning with a 4zzz carpark show. Got there when X in O played, laid back afternoon socialising. Could have a dancey blissful audience with a larger venue. A treat when you're hanging out, savvy, cautious, slightly twisted, wordless dance music... I feel compelled to use the word 'groovy' for the first time since I was twelve. Last, one of the best shows from Eggvein, who I somehow thought was some reclusive solo or two-piece experimental noise thing but nope – a good old rock show. They are a diverse and honest, but cohesive and righteously angry, I guess punk band, and/or rock band (ah who cares which), with an odd proportion of silliness (a black and red bodysuit with wig covering face, a young synth player smiling under a bucket hat to the side, a semi-retro political shirt as the drummer's balaclava), and respectable angry grievances. Mainly guys around middle age, gritty sound, with some odd electronic noises. Fuuuun too. They had a song growling about all the indignities of school and it didn't even sound smart-arse. You were right about all those little things. *Stand up straight, tuck your shirt in.* Odd cinnamon flavoured soft drinks flowing, big Esky, best before 2015 but who cares. A tiny mosh pit, good cheer, handful of cameras. Show posters and setlists scattered around, sit or stand, knock your mates around within reason, whatever you want.

MUSIC EDUCATION WITH BUTTHOLE SURFERS

Max Easton's Butthole Surfer's zine/booklet/grublication came in the mail, in exchange for my ones. It has a nice green cover. I have a related story, once I had LMMS (free

music software) on my laptop, tried to arrange a beat in some bludge class when I was 15. The substitute teacher, from Dakota, I think, who everyone resented, begged me to show the class and argued with me for five minutes. She said, there was a band who was just two guys messing around in their room and got really famous, and they were called the Something Surfers. “They were called, the *Something* Surfers”. That teacher was perhaps a troll, and actually crazy in a different way. She would argue with students a lot, actually, in her bellowing American drawl. For instance, with some students who believed in evolution, “DO YOU SEE BIRDS HAVING CONVERSATIONS? PICKING UP THEIR PHONES AND SAYING HEY, WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING? NOOO. HUMANS ARE CREATED IN GOD'S IMAGE. NOT ANIMALS.” Also, artist/painter Robert Vagg from Wonderfals and Kitchen's Floor and Meat Thump (that all?) got drunk for the first time to Pepper (only song I recall). Anyhow, keen to read this, once I turn the computer off. This band may have impacted my life in ways I never dreamed of.

Thank you



